LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

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NOVELYT.

HIGHLAND HEROISM:
OR, THE CASTLES OF GLENCOE AND BALLOCH
(Concluded.)

THEY quit the cavern together, and marched in [illegible] tle of Glencoe, when Donald made known his design of collecting his friends, and joining the clan, in an attempt to release the Earl, in which they promised to be friends. Having separated, Donald and Ross had not proceeded far, when the groans of the wounded servants of Matilda drew them to the wood, whom they immediately unbound, and on hearing that their mistress had been carried off by armed men, they immediately mounted their horses which were grazing near, and followed in the route the ravishers had taken, ordered the rest to assist. They came up with them as they were nearly entering the mouth of the cavern, and when Matilda was insensible from terror. A sharp conflict ensued, in which the villains were either wounded or dispersed in the recesses of the cave, and Donald restored life and liberty to Matilda, who, on opening her eyes beheld herself unaccountably in his protection. During the recital of these particulars, the countenance of Matilda expressed her emotions as Donald detailed the various risks he had encountered, and when he related the scene of Ballach Cavern, she relapsed into a fainting fit. This circumstance alarmed the penetration of the Countess, who began to attribute her disorder to a double cause, and Donald felt a strong assurance that he had more than a common interest in the bosom of Matilda. The Countess and Matilda, returned the noble peasant the warmest acknowledgment for his services, and there rested but little doubt that Ancolm was the author of the scheme which had been so happily frustrated.

Donald now expressed a design of collecting the remainder of his friends, and uniting with the clan in attempting the rescue of the Earl, and Matilda joined her mother in prayers for Donald's success and preservation. Meanwhile the Earl remained a solitary prisoner in the the tower, prepared to meet the utmost malice of his persecutor. One day, as he was observing the progress of the birds of prey, through the grate of his window, he caught the sound of that sweet lute whose melodious notes had once saved him from destruction. It was accompanied by the same voice he had formerly heard. After a few minutes, he observed a young lady enter from that side on which the the tower rose. She conducted an elder one, dressed in the habit of a widow, of a melancholy countenance, and a natural majesty in her figure. The young lady's veil disclosed a face of beauty touched with sorrow, and her appearance declared her to be a person of distinguished rank. Allan conjectured they were strangers confined by the Baron, and when he considered that they might be the unresisting victims of a tyrant, his prison became insupportable, and he longed to become at once the champion of beauty and innocence. He enquired of the guard concerning the elegant strangers, but, instead of receiving an answer to his question, had his attention awakened to the dreadful intelligence that he was to die on the morrow by the Baron's order.

When he was told of the escape of Donald, he felt inexpressible pleasure from the certainty that this faithful youth would revenge his death. When the [illegible] Donald's flight and the guards who had him in charge, was discovered, the tyrant ordered the life of the remaining centinel to be forfeited; but, recollecting also that the death of the Earl would afford him complete revenge, he pronounced his sentence. The moment after he had dispatched the messenger with his resolve to the earl his mind wavered in its purpose---the idea of Matilda rushed into his bosom ---Contending passions thus held him undecided, till revenge prevailed over love, and he resolved to preserve the torture of expected death by keeping the Earl ignorant of his reprieve till the last moment.--- Allan was led to execution on the platform of the castle, silent and unmoved. After bestowing a piercing look on Ancolm, the idea of his mother rushed upon his mind; her rising grief & sorrow overwhelmed his feelings, and he sunk senseless, on the ground. On recovering he found himself in his prison, Ancolm having granted a respite, from the idea that he had already stretched his sufferings to their utmost limits.

The Earl with anxious expectations, looked hour after hour at his grate to behold his clan advancing over the distant hills. Often in the fine evenings of summer, did he see the captive ladies walking on the terrace below the tower. He longed to let them know that they had a fellow prisoner, and one day dropped a sonnet he had written, which he had the pleasure to see picked up by the ladies, who immediately retired with it to their apartment.

As the Earl sat one day looking upon the opposite wainscot, he observed that a pannel in it was different from the rest; it was surrounded by a small crack and shook on being pulled. Finding his efforts to remove it ineffectual, he gave the task over for several days; but at length ashamed of yielding to the seeming difficulty, he was renewing his examination when his foot accidentally pressed against one corner, and it flew open, and discovered the spring by which it was fastened. A wide and forlorn apartment lay before him, which he traversed, and passing through a pair of folding doors, entered a long gallery, which terminated on the left in a winding staircase, leading to a hall below. His atttention was arrested at the second by the sounds of grief, he entered and beheld the two ladies whom he had before sighed to speak to. The elder one was weeping, and casket and some papers lay on a table beside her.— On perceiving them, he Earl advanced, and apologised so gracefully for the intrusion, that it confirmed Malvina (the name of the young lady) in the impression which his figure had already made on her mind. The person, features, and complexion of Malvina were formed to charm the heart of the most indifferent; it is not surprising then that beauty in distress sunk deeply into the breast of Allan, who contemplated her fine blue eyes with an expression in his countenance of what he felt. He concluded that the Baron had made her a captive but to satiate his brutal appetite, and, impelled by a wish to serve the interesting objects before him, he addressed the Baroness in a speech of regret, that the chains on his hands prevented him from aiding the escape of those who had so warmly interested his feelings.

The Baroness was no stranger to the misfortunes of the Earl, and she lamented her inability to assist him: for fifteen years they had been prisoners, the walls of the castle being the limits of their liberty — The earl then requested the Barroness to stare the cause of her falling into Ancolm's power; who immediately detailed the following circumstances:— "Marianna, Barroness Ancolm, was the descendant of an ancient house in Switzerland. Her father, the Count St Amand, early in life lost his beloved wife, and his only consolation was in the education of his children. His son died early in the field, and an elder daughter died in infancy, and Marianna was his only child. His chateau lay among the wild scenery of the Swiss Cantons, and was the resort of men of talents, whether the soldier or philosopher. Among the former visitors was the late Baron Ancolm, brother to the present chief, who was then travelling through Switzerland. The beauty of Marianna attracted his attention, and he solicited her hand in marriage. His sense and figure were unexceptionable, and there seemed but one obstacle to the union, and this was the great distance of his residence.— The Count was declining, and his affectionate daughter could not endure to leave him; but this was at length over-ruled, by the Baron proposing to the Count to leave Switzerland, and reside with his daughter in Scotland. To this the latter consented, and yielded up every other consideration to the desire of securing protection and happiness for his child, with a character so excellent as the Baron's.

"He left his native country, the residence of sixty years, and the burial place of his wife with infinite regret; nor was the concern of Marianna much less acute than that of her father. They arrived safely in Scotland, where the Count had apartments fitted up for him in the castle, and before his death saw his race renewed in the offspring of a son and a daughter; the former was called by the name of the Count, and the daughter now shares with her mother the sorrows of confinement. On the death of the Count, the Baron and his lady attended the remains to Switzerland, entrusting the children to the care of an old servant, whom they had brought from Valois.— Having finished the last sad duties, according to the wish of their father, they returned to Scotland, where the first intelligence they received was the death of their son and the old nurse his attendant, about a fortnight before their return. Time had blunted the poignancy of their mutual sorrow, when a more acute affliction fell on the Baroness in the death of her husband, who, in the vigour of his youth, and the delight of his people, was killed by a fall from his horse in the chace. He left the Baroness and an only daughter to bewail his loss. The pater-

nal eſtates devolved to his only brother, the preſent Baron, whoſe character was lamentably oppoſite to that of the deceaſed chief. His perſonal property, with all the eſtates abroad, he bequeathed to his wife and daughter.

"When the new Baron took poſſeſſion, he allowed the widow to remain a year to prepare for her journey to Switzerland, during which time he ſeldom viſited her, as he was conſtantly occupied by ſchemes of avarice, and embroiled in hoſtility with the neighbouring chiefs. The Baroneſs at length diſguſted by the contraſt between the two brothers, gave very early orders for her departure, but they were countermanded by the Baron, who, upon her remonſtrance, one day informed her, that the eſtates which ſhe called her own, he meant to aſſert his claim to, and as his brother, by ill-timed generoſities, had much reduced the paternal eſtate, he meant to indemnify himſelf by the poſſeſſions of thoſe in Switzerland, and that he ſhould not, by ſuffering her departure, afford an opportunity of conteſting her right with him. The Baroneſs, rouſed by a ſenſe of his villany, replied, that ſhe ſaw his object was to compel her to ſurrender up her late lord's will, which ſecured thoſe eſtates on her and her family; but neither loſs of liberty, nor the utmoſt ſtretch of his tyranny, ſhould ever make him maſter of that efficient guarantee of her juſt claims. The Baron, denouncing vengeance if ſhe perſiſted, quitted the apartment.

"Shortly after, finding his threats made no impreſſion on the Baroneſs, by forged powers he obtained the revenues of the foreign eſtates, and thus deprived her of all reſources. Seeing ſhe did not make any attempt at eſcape, he ſuffered her to remain in quiet poſſeſſion of the will, and unmoleſted. In this continued ſcene of ſorrow, without almoſt a hope of a future change, did the Baroneſs ſpend her days. The riſing talents and charms of her daughter, while they repaid the efforts ſhe made to improve them, brought with it the melancholy uncertainty that they were only deſtined to fade in a priſon.---Malvina was particularly fond of the lute, and while ſhe ſung and played, the Baroneſs melted into tears, and in thoſe moments felt even a pleaſure in pain.---Eighteen years had now elapſed ſince the death of her huſband, and it was at this period the Baroneſs communicated to the Earl the ſad ſtory of her confinement."

The Earl, being reminded of the lateneſs of the hour, tenderly preſſed the hand of Malvina to his lips and then returned to his dungeon. On entering, he diſcovered a man, who, on identifying the Earl, ſaid his name was Angus, and that he had entered the priſon room for the purpoſe of conferring with him, on the plan of his eſcape. The Earl, anxious to inform the Barroneſs of his approaching deliverance, & to bid Malvina adieu, reviſited their apartments. "I quit not theſe walls," ſaid he, "without feeling a keen regret, for thoſe I leave behind." The Baroneſs earneſtly beſought him not to involve himſelf in difficulties on their account, but conſult his own ſafety.

At length the important hour arrived, in which the event of their hopes was to be made known, and Donald with a choſen few, repaired to the cavern.---It was now the dead of night, when Angus gently unbolted the priſon door, and hailed the Earl. They ſprung through the pannel, which they faſtened after them; conducted by a dim taper which Angus carried in his hand. Donald who was waiting in the cavern, ſeeing a light glance from a diſtant part of the avenue, ruſhed in, and was immediately ſeized by a guard, he however overpowered him, and returned to his tent with vexation and diſappointment, till the curtain of the entrance being withdrawn, he looked up to chaſtiſe the intruder, and beheld the Earl, they embraced each other and departed. In a ſhort time they threw themſelves at the feet of the Counteſs

The Earl introduced Donald to his mother and ſiſter as his deliverer. The eyes of Matilda ſmiled in approbation, when the Counteſs gave conſent to her preſenting to him her hand as a reward for the ſervices he had rendered their family.

The Earl having bid defiance to Ancolm, addreſſed it in haughty terms to the murderer of his father.---An engagement ſoon after took place between them wherein Alcolm was mortally wounded, and made a confeſſion of his innumerable crimes. The Baroneſs and her daughrer were liberated and reſtored to her eſtates, and the Earl ſoon after honored the daughter with his hand.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE POET BERONICIUS.

(Concluded.)

WHEN our poet had finiſhed, he began to laugh till his ſides ſhook, jeering and pointing at the perſons in company, who appeared ſurpriſed at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himſelf ſo well; every body highly praiſed him, which elated him ſo much, that he began to ſcratch his head three or four times; and fixing his firy eyes on the ground repeated, without heſitation, the ſame epigram in Greek verſe, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek."

Every one was aſtoniſhed, which ſet him a laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

It is a pity we have not the Greek, which he repeated ſo rapidly, that no one could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnich, profeſſor of the Greek Language at Duiſburg, was one of the auditors, and ſaid he thought the Greek verſion ſurpaſſed the Latin. Beronicius was afterwards examined in various ways, and always gave ſuch wonderful proof of his learning, as amazed all the audience.

Beronicus ſpoke ſeveral languages ſo perfectly, that each might have paſſed for his mother tongue; eſpecially, Italian, French and Engliſh. As to his Latin, the celebrated Gronovius was fearful of converſing with him in that language But Greek was his hobby horſe; Greek was the delight of his life, and he ſpoke it as correctly and as fluently as if he had ſucked it in with his pap. He converſed with the above named Profeſſor Gymnich, in Greek, and ended with theſe words. "I am quite weary of talking any longer with you in Greek, for really, my pupils, who have been taught a twelvemonth by me, ſpeak it much better than you do." This was not very polite, but he was not to be reſtrained; and he often ſpoke his mind ſo freely, that he was threatened with a thraſhing; on ſuch occaſions he was always the firſt to ſtep forward, and ſhow that he was not at all averſe to a battle---Saying,

---Age ſi quid habes, in me morx non erit ulla.

He gave excellent accounts of all the ancient Greek and Roman authors, his opinions of whoſe writings were always correct, complete, and delivered with great judgment, & without heſitation. He could immediatly diſtinguiſh genuine writings, and was a perfect maſter in the knowledge of the various ſtyles meaſures, and idioms Beſides which, his memory was prdigious. He knew by heart the whole of Horace, and Virgil, the greateſt part of Cicero, and both the Pliny's; and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole paſſage, and tell the exact work, book, chapter and verſe, of all theſe and many more, eſpecially poets. As to Juvenal, his works were ſo interwoven in his brain, that he perfectly retained every word, nay, every letter. Of the Greek poets, he had Homer ſo ſtrongly imprinted on his memory, together with ſome of the comedies of Ariſtophanes, that he could directly turn to any line required, and repeat the whole ſentence.---It will be ſeen in the following pages, that his Latin is full of words ſelected from all the moſt celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be deſirous of knowing what countryman our extraordinary poet, Baronicius was; but this is a ſecret which he never would diſcover. When he was aſked which was his country? he always anſwered, "that the country of every one was that in which he could beſt live comfortably."—Some ſaid he had been a Profeſſor in France, others a Jeſuit, a Monk; but this was merely conjecture. It was well known, that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and particularly the Netherlands, carrying, like a ſecond Bias, his whole property about him. He was ſometimes told that he deſerved to be Profeſſor of a College; he replied, that he did not delight in ſuch a worm-like life. Notwithſtanding which, poor man, he gained his living chiefly by ſweeping chimnies, grinding knives and ſciſſors, and other mean labors. But his chief delight was in purſuing the occupation of juggler, mountebank or merry-andrew, amongſt the loweſt rabble.—He never gave himſelf any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dreſſed like a beggar or a nobleman; nature was always ſatisfied with very little. His hours of relaxation from his book-ſtudies were chiefly ſpent in paltry wine houſes, with the meaneſt company, where he would ſometimes remain a whole week or more, drinking, without reſt or intermiſſion.

His bitter and miſerable death gave reaſon to believe that he periſhed whilſt intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middleburg, drowned and ſmothered in mud; which circumſtance was mentioned in the epitaph which the before-named poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, as follows (literally tranſlated):

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He liv'd and died like a beaſt;
He was a moſt uncommon ſatyr,
He liv'd in wine, and dy'd in water.

This is all that is known about Beroncius. As to his tranſlating, or rather reading the Dutch newſpapers off-hand in Greek or Latin verſe, the poet Antonides often witneſſed his exertion of this wonderful talent, and ſo did Profeſſor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Beronicius' death, which was in 1676, and had been acquainted with him above twenty years. There are at preſent, (1716) ſtill living at Rotterdam, two gentlemen who knew him in Zealand, to one of whom he taught the French language.

J——

ANECDOTE.

The illuſtrious M. de Malſherbes, in the interval between his two adminiſtrations, travelled for the purpoſe of adding to his knowledge. On one of theſe occaſions, he found at an inn two young officers who were proceeding to the camp which was at that time near Breſt. They were converſing on natural hiſtory, and M. de Malſherbes, who had beſtowed conſiderable attention to the ſubject, gave his opinion and the reaſons for it, on the queſtion propoſed The officers appeared ſurpriſed, that this fat man whoſe appearance had nothing ſtriking, ſhould thus mingle in their converſation; but they knew enough to be ſenſible that he was better acquainted with the ſubject than they, and that he had given them ſome new information; they invited him to dine with them. The converſation fell upon M. de Malſherbes, and his retirement from the adminiſtration. The two officers extolled him as the beſt miniſter, and the moſt to be regretted that France had ever had Their praiſes placed M. de Malſherbes in the ſame ſituation as Henry IV. with the miller, when the modeſt coldneſs with which he ſpoke of that good king excited a ſuſpicion that he was one of the Leaguers. "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "nobody is better acquainted with M. de Malſherbes than myſelf; he is a very honeſt man, with intentions the moſt upright, but he is not fit for a prime miniſter." At theſe words the fat man loſt three fourths of the conſideration which his companions entertained for him. Without any regard for his deciſion, they redoubled their praiſes of M. de Malſherbes, and his panegyrics declared, that they extremely regretted never having ſeen or known him "Gentlemen, he is not perhaps ſo far from this place as you may think, for I know he is on his way to ſee his ſon-in-law, M. de Montboiſſier, at the camp before Breſt" They now liſtened with ſome intereſt to the fat man, who had ſpoken ſo ill, but who was ſo well acquainted with M de Malſherbes, and even inſpired them with a hope of ſeeing him.—"Ah!" if you could but meet with him and introduce us to him!" "Your curioſity, gentlemen, would flatter him much, and ſurpriſe him ſtill more." "There is nothing we would not do to gratify it."—"You ſhall not go far for that purpoſe—Receive his thanks for your obliging illuſion with reſpect to him; it is he himſelf who has the honor to be ſpeaking to you." "Ah! we might have gueſſed ſo; none but he could have ſpoken of himſelf with ſuch unjuſt and exceſſive modeſty." The new friends made an appointment to meet again, firſt at the camp, and afterwards at Paris, where a friendſhip begun under ſuch happy auſpices was carefully cultivated on both ſides.

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ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'ALEMBERT was the ſon of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiſcretion, cauſed him to be expoſed on the ſteps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned her livelihood by her needle: ſhe adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the inſtruction he received, ſo that, like Pascal, he made new diſcoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year His name ſoon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the ſociety of the young ſtudent of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at laſt began to be proud of having given birth to ſuch a ſon. His foſter-mother had been watched, and conſequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his ſubſiſtence.—Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requeſted to ſee the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain ſhe felt at being obliged to forſake him, and ſo forth. "I am your mother," ſaid ſhe. "You my mother, madam? You are miſtaken, I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never ſaw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful ſon of the ſempſtreſs, and repaid her with intereſt in her old age, the cares ſhe had beſtowed on his childhood.

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A ſingular contraſt, ſays a French writer, between the manners of our neighbours and ourſelves is, that the Engliſh eſteem modeſty in women more highly after marriage, while the French ſet a greater value upon it before. It ſeems as if we were more tenacious of innocence and they of virtue. They allow their young females a kind of liberty which is not permitted among us; they think it very natural that young ladies ſhould look out for huſbands; whereas we ſhould think it juſt as ſtrange if they were not to await the choice of their parents, as the Engliſh would think it odd for a woman to be unfaithful to a huſband who lies down drunk by her ſide every night. Hold up your head, keep your eyes on the ground, and hold your tongue, were for a long time almoſt the only inſtructions given in France by a mother to her daughter, on taking her from the convent to introduce her into the world. In London, on the contrary, a young lady has parties, rides out on horſeback with gentlemen, and indulges in coquetry till the moment when marriage tranſports her to a beautiful country ſeat to attend to her children, and to read novels of twelve volumes. In France marriage produces an oppoſite metamorphoſis; the timid virgin who durſt neither move her tongue, nor raiſe her eyes, ſoon learns to make uſe of both, and ſoon finds ſome one to ſpeak to.

THE VISITOR.

BOSTON:—FEBRUARY—XXVIII—MDCCCVII.

TO OUR PATRONS.

It is with the moſt poignant regret, we are compelled to declare this the laſt number of the Viſitor. After ſtriving by every honorable mean in our power to ſupport it, in vain, neceſſity obliges us to abandon it even in its infancy.—No pains have been ſpared to render it worthy of public patronage, but to the number of publications on a ſimilar plan we muſt impute its fail. The income ariſing from a publication of this nature, even when they are well ſupported is ſmall—and where the ſupport is ſmall, the expenſes ſoon deſtroy the eſtabliſhment. We have already ſunk a conſiderable ſum, and to continue it under theſe circumſtances, would be injuring ourſelves by adding to our *black liſt of creditors* already too numerous, and perhaps in the end involve ourſelves in ruin. We have not relinquiſhed our deſign until after a fair trial, and we have continued it longer than we could afford, in hopes of accumulating more ſupport, but finding our efforts to this effect fruitleſs, and finding embarraſſments increaſe as we continue the paper, we conſider a good retreat, preferable to courage unqualified by conduct. Under theſe circumſtances, and with theſe ſentiments, we diſcontinue the *Viſitor* for the preſent,* hoping for an acquittal at the public bar—an acquittal which we are poſitive we ſhall receive from every liberal minded and candid man. To thoſe who have endeavored to ſupport us thus far, we return our ſincere and unfeigned thanks.

* Exertions will ſtill be made to increaſe our Subſcription Liſt, and the paper will be re-eſtabliſhed as ſoon as a ſufficient number appear to warrant its continuance.

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MILITARY JEU D'ESPRIT.

A Colonel, by Chronicles, late it appears,
In fly gave a feed to his crack volunteers;
The diſhes were good, but the glaſſes ſo ſmall,
His heroes could ſcarcely drink any all.
The commandant thus to his right and left wing
Said, "Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the King."
A jolly ſub, eyeing his glaſs at the time, (King's Cry'd, Colonel here's hardly enough for a *prime!*

Boſton Theatre.

On MONDAY EVENING, March 2, 1807,
WILL be preſented, for the firſt and only time this ſeaſon, the favorite Tragedy, called,
KING LEAR;
And his Three Daughters.
Lear, *for the only time,* Mr. Fennell,
—o—
To which will be added, for the firſt time theſe two years, a favorite Afterpiece, called the
SPOIL'D CHILD.
—o—

DIED,

Yeſterday afternoon, Mrs Abiagail Appleton, aged 62. Funeral to-morrow afternoon, from the houſe of Mr Anthony Otheman, No. 58, Middle-ſtreet, at half paſt three o'clock which the friends and relations are requeſted to attend without further invitation.

In Roxbury, Mr Nathaniel Felton, aged 93.

POETRY.

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The humor of the following from the pen of Mr. C. Dibden, jun. is too exquisite to evaporate on a first perusal. We give it to our readers, that they may recur to it, whenever they are desirous of a laugh at the comic, or broad grin at the ludicrous.

Emerald.

Since mankind are but menders,
If fame tells us true,
Like tinkers, in mending
One fracture makes two;
Of mending our neighbours,
Like blockheaded elves,
We talk without thinking
Of mending ourselves.
But I care not a rush
For mankind or their cares
So I get a good living
By mending old chairs.
Old chairs to mend!

A wife I have got,
And we quarrel of course,
But what if we do
Don't our betters do worse?
And whenever we quarrel,
Our passions to cure,
We do——what do you think?
Make it up to be sure;
But as pleasure's excess
Is the parent of pain,
To make ourselves happy
We quarrel again.
Old chairs to mend!

Says the doctor to me,
'Why we'er both of a trade,
Since we both of us mend
Constitutions decay'd;'
'Ah, says I, if I mend them
No oftner than you
Lord help the poor people!
For, what would they do!
For you and the sexton
So manage your jokes,
That you'll find in the parish
There's more chairs than folks!'
Old chairs to mend!

REASON IF NOT RHYME.

DAME Prudence whispers marry not
Till you have pence enough to pay
For table, chair, and one poor cot,
And leave a mite for quarter day.

Beside chair, table, and a bed,
Those want, who cannot live on air,
Two plates, and basket for their bread,
And knives and forks at least two pair.

When winter rattles in the sky,
Drear is the bed that wants a rug,
And hapless he whose purse is dry
When doctor calls for drench and drug.

Thes eyes shall ne'er be old thee, Bess,
And that sweet babe that calls me dad,
Reduc'd to scanty fare, or less
Than snugly houf'd and warmly clad.

So, Bess, we'll e'en put off the day
When parson Green shall tie us fast—
Who knows but luck, so long away,
May come and bide with us at last?

Hope shall be ours the tedious while,
We'll mingle hearts, our lips shall join;
I'll only claim thy sweetest smile,
Only thy sweetest tress be mine.

COMMUNICATION.

YES, while I linger far away,
Remembrance oft shall soothe my mind,
And paint with glowing hues the day
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft i'll think upon that hour,
When first thy looks and eyes confest
Each secret wish, and own'd love's power
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast!

Yet, once before we part, once more
From thy ripe lips, one kiss bestow,
And bid me feel, as oft before,
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,
While far away from thee I rove,
And anxious pour the bitter tear,
And think on all our former love.

Let no fond youth with siren strain
Entice and lure thy heart from me;
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain
Which binds my willing soul to thee!

Then give again that kiss, my fair,
Affection's surest tendrest seal,
And I will chase each rising care,
And hush each jealous doubt I feel. GEORGE.

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a charm no joys bestow,
Nor rank nor wealth impart;
'Tis when the tear is stealing flow,
And softly sighs the heart.
Oft have I watch'd the ev'ning sky,
When rose the silver bow,
My bosom heav'd, I knew not why,
And tears began to flow!
O then I thought that mirth was folly,
Thine was the charm, sweet Melancholy.

Ye hearts of stone, who think no bliss
Can glisten in a tear;
Who think the love that sighs a kiss
Insipid and severe;
Ah! ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,
The dew'd and tender eye!
The warmest love that e'er was told
Was breath'd upon a sigh!
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly!
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy!

A *singular* person may be compared to a monster ——more admired at than esteemed.

SENECA says, that at his time the women wore no less than three pearls in each ear, of such extraordinary value, that the smallest was worth an ample patrimony. Their vanity in this particular was carried to such a pitch that their very shoes were bordered with them. Pearls were always considered by the antients as one of the most valuable productions of nature. They not only formed part of the dress of the rich, but, from a refinement in luxury, truly ridiculous, they were served at entertainments as an uncommon delicacy. Every one is acquainted with the extravagance of Cleopatra, that crowned courtezan, who laid a wager with Anthony that she would consume alone, at a single supper, ten millions of sesterces, about eighty thousand pounds sterling.—— he actually began with swallowing a pearl worth half that sum, which she had dissolved in vinegar. She was going to do the same with a second, when Plancur, the umpire, seized the pearl, and declared that Anthony had lost. After this too celebrated princes had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, this second pearl was cut and made into two ear pendants for the Venus of the Pantheon. Thus the half of a supper for this courtezan served to decorate a goddess. Cleopatra and her lover did not, however, bear away the palm in this kind of insensate luxury. The son of the tragedian, Esopus Claudius, whose father had left him immense wealth, furnished an example of this scandalous magnificence; and the action of the player was greater, if that epithet may be applied to such actions, since it was not provoked by a wager. Claudius wished to have the glory of being the first that tried the taste of pearls; he thought it wonderfully fine, and that he might not enjoy the pleasure alone, he caused one to be served to each of the guests who were at his table.

DIED,

At Portland, Mary, wife of Michael Gannen, formerly of Boston, aged 33.

At Bedford, on Tuesday last, Mrs Eunice Floyd, aged 68.

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